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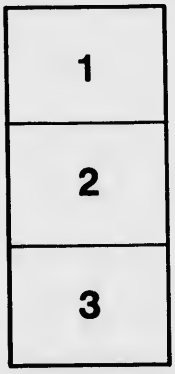

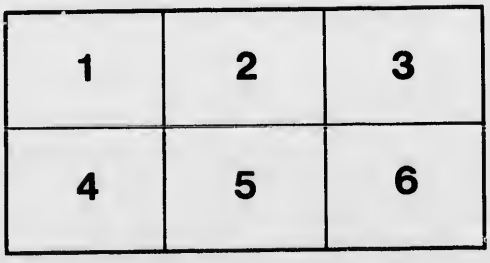

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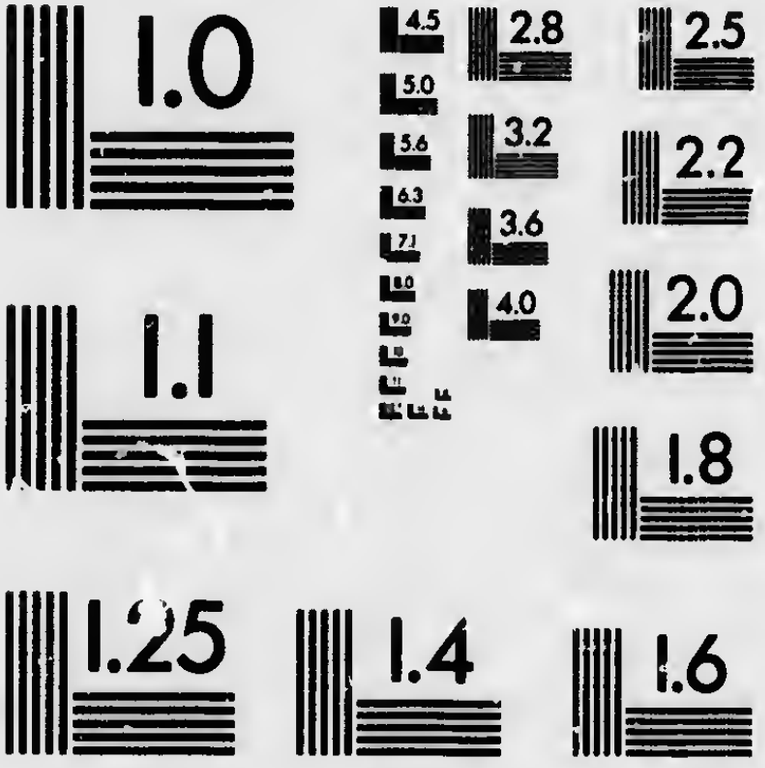

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SAINT-SULPICE

These are the thoughtlets of a man,
Whose mottos "*I dare*" may get him in trouble,
But "*trusted and faithful*" he can
Avoid ending, as most men, in a bubble.

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CANADA.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

I.

Canada, oh Canada, this noble land of ours.
Which stretches from Atlantic to Pacific seas,
Soon to become one of the leading powers,
It's growing men industrious as bees.

II.

We are given a Governor General and a Lady Aberdeen.
Seeking popularity, are eas'ly to be seen,
But time must come, when *we* elect our General Governor.
And still retain liberty and honor!

III.

England is our mother land, her grandchildren are we.
We'll travel hand in hand of course but still we must be free!
For Anglo-Saxon blood alone flows through our manly veins.
Which only admires pluck and brains!

IV.

This sentiment ran long ago prompted George Washington
To found the "Declaration" though then a rebel son,
And as we know success alone denotes a clever man.
Why not do the same here if we can?

V.

We have French and we have English, Scotch and Irish too.
CANADIANS first and last are we, this rule must see us through.
And if this sentiment of mine is carried out as sung.
We're bound to move together right along!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! then cheer for Canada!
Hurrah! Hurrah! then cheer for Liberty!
And so we'll go on shouting
Between our two great seas,
As we ma ch through Canada!

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[5

"Were I the Prince of Wales,"

Were I the Prince of Wales, what many things I'd do,
I'd do this and I'd do that, and I'd do the other too.
I would introduce the fashion of smoking on the street,
A pipe would do me just as well, and be to me as sweet.
I'd smoke cigars of course at times, but not because of looks,
But just because it suited *me*, and suited my own purse.
To think what benefits I could bestow on those who copy me,
Were I the Prince of Wales!

Another thing I'll mention before I close this rhyme,
'Tis not considered etiquette to take two plates of soup,
Or say two cups of coffee, because I don't do so.
Just think how miserable I make my subject oft,
And all because they like to do just as they see me do.
But did they know when I at home quietly do as I like,
I do not think they'd be such fools and judge by what they see.
I'm like any other man, eat, drink, and smoke just all I can.
And I can only pity those who imitate just what they see,
Not what I do, when I'm alone.

Would I whistle on the street, were I the Prince of Wales?
By all means though disturb my friends t'would not be my intent.
When playing billiards with my "chum" though he had more [advanced
"In social ways," he'd say, you cannot whistle *here*,
The ladies might object! What is this world then coming to,
When hosts are so hemmed in these times, as say these things?
And all because these mortals judge by what they see alone,
Not what I do when I'm at home.

Do you think I'd roll my trousers up, were I the Prince of Wales?
By no means, for experience says they wear away too soon.
Would I crease my cuffs and pants and wear an eye glass too?
I'd be a fool to do the like, and loose my eye sight too.
I'd use my stick for a support, and not to frighten others.
By holding same as first intended, not pointed at your brothers.
And if I were the Prince of Wales I'd not write down this trash,
For fools there are, and still to come, who try to copy me,
No matter *how* I be.

LADY ABERDEEN.

We have a Gov'NOR-GENERAL and a LADY ABERDEEN,
They travel o'er the country are eas'ly to be seen
Such hospitality as her's, has n'er been seen before,
And now my gentle readers, could you possibly ask more?

Lady Aberdeen we're told's a Lady democrat,
Who does not stop at little things when she wishes this or that,
In Murphy's store the other day, she sold laces hersell',
But a Lady privileged as she, can do things oft pell mell.

The serious servant question now, our good Lady's attacked,
And to listen to her fine debates, the hall is often packed,
If she'll succeed as well in this, I dinna choose to tell,
But I'd rather leave what's well alone, so do our mothers tell.

I am just as big a democrat as Lady Aberdeen.
But I can tell you plainly, that my limit's easily seen;
When I invite my friends at home to spend some time at tea,
Can play with servants in the hall; *my* servants not *with* me.

USE AND ABUSE OF WHISKERS.

He has a pair of cheeklets where his whiskers used to sit,
And now I'm going to tell you, where and why he did get hit.
And so these trumpery verses, please consider as my song,
I'm going to rattle through them, so I wont detain you long.

His name, McStubbin, Christopher, the boys all called him
["Chris,"
He drank and sang for all of them, and all his jokes were his,
But some fine day he quarrelled with a friend who did him hit,
And so he got one cheeklet, where one whisker used to sit.

He then at home all day did stay to nurse that cheeklett his,
But time was dragging on his hands he longed for boys and fizz.
His wife though, swept the other off, and lit the stove with it,
And now he has two cheeklets where two whiskers used to sit.

LADY ABERDEEN'S RECEPTION.

SONG AND CHORUS.

I.

My friend and I the other night went to a reception,
Given by the Governor and Lady Aberdeen,
We slid in there as best we could, not of the exception
To those who entered otherwise, 'tis easily to be seen.

II.

It took eight men to see us through to see Lord Aberdeen,
But then these are formalities adhered to every time,
Though you can think how easier the matter would have been,
To go straight up and shake their hand[illegible]ad save this silly
[rhyme.

III.

You should have seen the ladies, the veils and feathers too,
But most of them so plain you know their dresses showed
[too much,
I've heard of a young lady, who was prettier: Duckfoot Soo,
Helas! she was not there that night to be with them in touch.

IV.

The boys after reception, I'm told, did then repair
To wet their little throats somewhere, for they got nothing there,
And the bare "two hundred," now I know were a disap-
[pointed lot.
So had a good time somewhere else, this is the end. A dot

CHORUS.

Go go, my Montrealers go, but careful *where* you go to,
And though we are but rank and file we're just as good as any
[stlye,
Go, Go, by all means go, but through *one* door not two!

Great women were tall.
And most great men were small.

AN UNDERTAKER.

I am an undertaker, not of Corpses,
But I undertake to take all I can get,
Honestly of course, so the end to me's success,
The following my aspirations, frank are net.
I'll undertake to govern self to the best of my ability,
The first essential before governing others.
Be kind, be thoughtful, frank, and amiability
Will always see you through. Let mothers
Teach their children to behave themselves,
The rest is easy, have no fear and
You'll succeed, we are but here as shelves
To help each other hand in hand.
I'm awfully independant, so I'll undertake to say,
Rely on self alone, the world's not worth counting on.
Keep a Straight course ahead of you and don't lay
Aside your object once; and other methods shun.
I am undertaking several things at once and all the time;
Collecting debts on goods and land, brick making & steam farmers
I'm selling laces for the girls and poetry in fine
And course, the one is good, the other only trash.
I am going to undertake a trip to Manitoba Land,
And talk and joke with all I meet while on my weary tour.
I'll show the people of the land my composite of sand,
But do not count ahead of time to see me Governor!

INSCRIPTION ON MY DOOR.

This is my own, my own sweet hell!
Pause stranger ere you enter here,
Another name to you might sound as well,
But I do choose to call it so, 'tis clear.

'Tis home to me, and that is more
Than any other place I see,
Absorbed in thoughts and books and lore,
I care not how the outside affects thee.

THE SHOALS OF MAN.

They say we all should marry,
Should we not? And who are they
Who tell us this? 'Tis nature?
A great desire born in us
To see ourselves reproduced
In future generations!
But let us take another
View of this: We have some brains,
At least a few of us, to
See the consequences of
Our actions! I am speaking
But from man's stand point.
He loves not like a woman,
He is changeable, he likes
Variety not controlled!
And therefore where's the use
To force him to satiate
His tastes with one, oft unsuited?
This for life! Polygamy,
Man's natural state, and yet
Western sense, (if sense it be)
Demands the opposite, and
So the terrible results
Are seen around us all the
Time! In any case, let men
Give due reflection to this
Weighty matter, 'tis no trifle.
Let's say he has a darling
Wife, and also fine children.
Differing of course in tastes.
Think of the pain of nursing these,
Of educating them, and
Seeing them safely launched!
The boys in bus'ness, the girls
Well married' But all never
Runs smoothly, one or two of
Them are bound of course to turn
Out badly. Think of the grief
To the parents in this case!

Then if the father is rich,

Then if the father is rich,
His children wait but for him
To die! Cruelty, ingratitude
'S more intense than latitude
Of northern climes! But so we're
Made, and if we marry must
Not expect other results
Than those who've gone before
Pause therefore ere you take this
Fatal step. Where's the advantage?
For man without a wife can
Have a home; and as the world
Is always young, the choice is
Large in beauty and in charms.
Wher'er he goes, many he
Sees; they do not tire of each
Other, and when the old ones
Go, the young ones take their place.
Now this my own Philosophy
"Subject to change," like all I say!

WHENCE, WHY AND WHITHER.

Whence do we come, I ask myself at times,
And why, does always puzzle me,
And whither sent? What care I, if the chimes
Of time to me but pleasant be!

God knoweth best and knows the cause
For placing us down here,
Governed by His eternal laws,
Do what is right, and have no fear!

STUDY.

My life be now devoted to the study of mankind,
Henceforth for twenty years, say *man*, the balance womankind.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage! man's most important step in life
Should not be considered lightly. Pause therefore
Ere you take that step to take unto yourself a wife,
And judge by the experience of those who've gone before.

Man's natural state is marriage, but at the present day
We live so artificially, that we must regulate
Ourselves accordingly, and though others may
Marry young, remember this: A man is ne'r too late!

The proper age to marry is at the age of thirty-five,
By which time, life's romantic side
Has been wiped out, you are now prepared to dive
Into its serious paths with hardened hide!

Nature ordained that man a polygamist be.
However Greek and Roman left behind a legacy
That one wife was quite enough, one Eve
To one Adam, and so it has remained until to-day.

Marriage's therefore's a sacrifice to man
When tied to one, whom on his wedding day
He hardly knows, and therfore has to fan
His disappointment oft. He's lost his liberty!

How happy we might be if on approbation
We could take a wife, say for thirty days!
And part consentedly. Oh! if our nation
Would allow this, fair to both the sexes?

A great man says: "that wife and children
Impediments are to enterprises great
Of virtue or of mischief," and if not true, men
In many cases are oft by women led.

In any case, let man consider well.
Before he to himself a wife doth take,
And above all, do not let others tell:
"He gave up bread, *alone*, to live on her and cake"!

Be independent first yourself, be very sure of this,
Never take cake unto yourself as wife.
Or othewise your future'll be a miss,
And misery to both will be your life!

ORIGINALITY.

ORIGINALITY.

Originality! There's no such thing in man,
Nature's his teacher, he's but an imitator
Of what he sees about him and he can
But faintly copy, though thinks himself an agitator!

He thinks he moves this world by his own brains.
Helas! how puny insignificant man is!
Confucius in his time taught many things,
And Buddha, Prince, did himself sacrifice.

That men who followd him might so improve
Their physical and mental state, be better men
And others move
To do the same if not too late!

But what I meant to say was this:
We in the present age do think
This world belongs to us,
Imagine oft we've found the missing link!

Helas great men in centuries past
Have oft thought out the same as we,
The Ideas of a generation last
But short, *repeats* alone, you see!

NOV. 19TH, 1894.

My Dear little Fanny,
I send you my greetings
To renew our good meetings,
Writing my wishes many.

You've always been good
To your younger brother,
Though in many a queer mood
You've seen him at times.

Rest assured my dear sister,
Though late in the day
Sincere are these wishes
Sent you this birthday.

FRANKNESS

FRANKNESS.

Frankness I admire above all things,
And so I start myself by being frank.
I trudged up to your place to-night
With band accompaniment and sank

In a chair on arriving. As usual
I waited a hearty reception, I waited
And sat, and walked. and smoked,
But disappointment was mine!

I am not hard to please, so I hate to disturb
Even so much as your little bird,
Though I believe that I did; loving life as I do.
I like to talk and joke—*I do not like restraint;*

And all but you were so. You seemed surprised
That I did leave so soon, you noticed it,
But could not help my case. *Intrude I never do,*
Intrude in social circles where I do not feel at home.

My motto "Independence" preaches liberty to all!
But still I felt it, these were my *silent* thoughts.
I'll come of course again, but not so oft as yore,
God made me far too sensitive, which makes me feel so sore!

IMMORTALITY!

Immortality! The ancients said
Existed, and they are right, our reason points
To its futurity on leaving life so sad
And bright, indeed such strange contrasts!
But every thing in nature bespeaks a paradox
Immortality exists, no doubt of it.
Else why can poets still converse [illegible] us
In what is writ? Even M[illegible]
And others speak to us in sounds
Long since gone by? It *must* be so,
Eternity is there to greet us when we go!

THE CHENIER MONUMENT.

The Chenier Monument does int'rest Montreal,
Both races are concerned, also the Church, the
Roman Catholic one at least, and how it will all
End, who knows? I wish to hear who's "running" me,
The Church of my own sect, or my own reason?
It seems to me that great men are so scarce.
That is to say, success *alone* doth urge us on
To recognize that fact in men. Now in the face
Of this, who then was Washington? The name upon
Americans he's left, is great, *success was his!*
He was an Englishman, rebelled on country and on
King! He was an officer, and therefore his offence
Ten times as great as Chenier's! An obscure man
Who had the pluck to fight and die for what he thought
Was right! Liberty sweet liberty! Under the vow
By his own Church was placed, which sought
To do him all the harm it could, though at it's
Very doors he fell, leaving posterity to
Judge his acts, as they saw fit. His fate's
Not here decided, but something tells us: "do
What you know is right and have no fear"!
Be just, for justice is what is to man most dear!
If Chenier de erved monument, then give him one,
Race or Religion dare *not* interfere! Let right alone be done!

RELIGION.

Heaven means Arc, Sky, Eternity!
Hell, from Hella, 'tis Death's Deity!
Superstition's taught us to say the one is bliss,
The other: torment only, besides what this world is!

I think myself the recompense for placing us down here
But Heaven be, where all is bliss serene.
We know that God wishes our love, from love alone, *not* fear!
Means charity! Let naught else be seen!

TOBACCO.

Tobacco for *poor* men in form of a pipe
Is a constant *joy*; the hungry man's *food*.
It is the *thirsty* man's drink, they thereby wipe
Away that longing, are put in good mood.

The *sorrying* man is thereby *consoled*.
The *thoughtful* man *adds* thoughts to his brain.
A man using tobacco is seldom fooled
In judging others, especially men.

Give me the man of musical mind.
And whose liking for animals equals men.
A portrait sympathetic and kind.
You have then a man coming out of his den.

He generally smokes and generally drinks.
And not to excess; and my dear sirs.
Statistics can show you he never sinks
Below, nor dies before tetotallers!

Parsons and females oft to us preach.
That smoke leads to drink, and drinking to smoke.
Even so, *sense* moderation can teach
Us to avoid being called an old soak.

Admire the man of independent will.
Who stands on self as his foundation stone.
Admire his strength of character and skill.
Encourage him, he atands alone!

A man who has no will at all
Is like a ship witho it a helm.
Drifting on the shoals of time,
Kicked and cuffed where 'er she goes.

And so it is with smoking my dear friends,
Perhaps some day we can smoke on a car.
If only a pipe, may suit certain ends.
But luxury says, you can't beat a cigar!

TORONTO.

COPYRIGHT (SONG.)

There's a model city near: T'ronto,
Not very far from here—T'ronto,
With fine streets and fine churches
Which give police researches—in T'ronto.

Of their buildings they are proud—in T'ronto,
They talk much and talk loud—in T'ronto,
The Parliament is fine
This building heads the line—in T'ronto.

They've a Sandbank in the bay—of T'ronto
Which you visit Saturday—in T'ronto
Sunday without a boat,
Nothing left but to swim out—of T'ronto.

They're very moral folks—in T'ronto,
You sit in Church all day—in T'ronto,
For Sunday is the day
You live on Oats and hay—in T'ronto.

There are no Sunday cars—in T'ronto,
You can walk, if not too far—in T'ronto
For if you take a Car
You're left just where you are—in T'ronto.

They never drink at all—in T'ronto,
For liquors are not known—in T'ronto,
If you want to get a drink
Give a Methodist the wink—in T'ronto.

Montreal is further east than—T'ronto
We don't put up with this like—T'ronto,
We have an Island fine,
Sunday street cars are in line,
For the Methodists don't run us—like T'ronto.

Health stands alone to make man here content
All else is useless, even from heaven sent.
For without health, what is else to us?
Temptation only, therefore but a curse!

AN ANNIVERSARY.

An anniversary known to her and me alone,
The first one it is true, though
There are many more to come.
At least, do we both think so.
When in the west last year.
We bought a souvenir
To bring us both so near.
That nothing e'er could part us,
Unless both so disposed.
A year since's rolled away
And circumstances placed me
Where only mutual thoughts
Could be exchanged in writing,
And not by word of mouth.
However this does not decrease
That once established feeling,
I'm *sure* I'm not mistaken!
And now I have returned
To renew that promise old,
To wander o'er the old place,
To joke, to laugh, to let her know
I still remember her,
Not as in the days of old.
But ten times more, I'm sure,
Than when I knew her before!
She likes to say "Platonic" friends
We only are, and always be.
Then let it so remain, *pro-tem.*
"Six months" I give her for this state
But as nothing lasts for ever,
Our case is no exception
To the golden rule set forth.
When affinities do find themselves
To face with one another,
Plato or any other saint
Can no more interfere.
Then were I forced to stop
Niagara Falls. Six little months

I give her then, then she'll make
Up her mind to have me if she likes

I give her then, then she'll make
Up her mind to have me if she likes.
We know each other pretty well,
We have our faults, like all mankind,
But being two, just like ourselves,
Should not be separated,
And all for what?
Do we not love each other?

"SWEET MARIE AND I."

Being interested in you,
Advance the same as I do,
Judge me little, judge me long.

Are you interested in me,
Just the same as I in you?
Follow me little, follow me long.

If we're made for one another,
About others don't let's bother,
And we'll both be together all along.

Don't judge people on the surface,
Not because they're decked in lace,
So we'll both sail together right along.

A woman in my mind
Is of the proper kind,
If she's pretty—if she's kind.

A man in my opinion
Is not the man that's worth a million,
He's a man! just the same.

If our ideas are even,
Which are less than two in seven,
We're the ones picked out right along.

If these verses correspond
To our liking now so fond,
They're not in vain, not too long.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

Had she but lived to be my sister,
How changed my life might have been!
Had but God spared her
To help her younger brother!

Ever since the age of seven,
I've been without a mother's care.
The best friend a boy can have,
Can't be replaced by other.

Had she but lived, my little Jennie,
How many troubles, I'd been saved,
At least I think so, am I right?
But God took her away, and I must rest content.

And God is wise, still why did he deprive
Me of one, I'd loved so well,
Had I but known her! 'Tis sad
To think I should have been deprived.

But God knows best we're taught
And I, alone, am left to mourn her loss
She should have been by guide, my star
On this base earthly sphere for me.

But she's in Heaven and not here with me,
She watches me, I know, and any good
I do down here, I attribute to her.
She still remains my guiding star above.

Although invisible, the fact of knowing
That we shall meet some day,
Must make me happy here till
Patience, at last, *tired* let's me go!

INGRATITUDE.

Manitoba frosts in northern latidude
Are mild, compared to man,s ingratitude!

"CUFF'S" MEDITATIONS.

I'm called the "Duke of Clarence" and I have a pedigree.
My master calls me "Cuffs" for short, so I'm not vain you see.
I follow him where'er he goes, I really like him much,
And now you other doggies, you do like me, I judge.

I've just been with him but five days,
And listen all the time to what to me he says.
He's not a bad sort after all, original perhaps,
But then we want such men as him, to often fill the gaps.

He's told me on the quiet a little thing or two.
He says I am his evidence of who's his friend or foe.
Most men, he says, who like a dog,
Are always better men to him, and seldom in a fog

In judging others. The same he thinks of girls;
And judges them accordingly; He looketh on my curls
With more delight than many a man's and girl's he knows.
And that is why I follow him persistently where'er he goes.

To A. M. F. B.

A portrait from Dalziel,
With kind regards to you.
Another name might do as well.
But *not* the same to you.

To M. H. M.

A *silent* thought, is there such thing as silent thought?
When thought itself be silence?
But I did pity her, that *influenced*.
She dared not answer yes or nay!

To Mrs. L. M. C. M.

To Mrs. J. M. C. M.

Very dear Mrs. M——
You may always be sure,
That I am your sincere friend.
From whom borrow, not lend!

To MABEL.

Mabel, I think it strange indeed
That your pets are undertakers.
I think they stand to fore in greed
To grab such as poor we, versemakers!

MY CREED.

An old sage is my leader,
So listen if you like to:
"Pray as though Deity were there!
If in the morning I hear
About the right way, in the
Evening I die, happy I!
Happiness without virtue
Is but like the passing cloud.
Happy man, am I, having
Faults, men observe and tell me.
Grieve not, that men know not you,
And still less grieve for women,
But grieve that you know not *them!*
Formerly on hearing men
I heard, and gave them credit
For their actions. Now, instead,
I listen! But *judge their work!*
Be examined in *three* ways,
In thy transactions with men:
Only faithfulness be there,
Then in teaching those in need:
Unblemished thy conduct be!
Never trust but in *few* men,
And still less so trust women!
When you transgress, *dare* return!
Future is of past the Son!